

Sketch

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Awakening

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Awakening

George Parsons

I. S. '38

DARK, jagged masses etched against the sky,
Walls of a man-made canyon sleeping there—
Blank eyes of windows staring at the moon.
A uniformed policeman down the way
Swinging a night-stick idly, yawn again
And leans against a "Yellow" taxi cab.
Up in the tower the clock booms half past five;
Now, there is expectation in the air.
A cheery shout—"Good morning! How's it go?"
A brief exchange of pleasantry, and then
The hush of sleeping stones creeps in once more.
Tinkling bottles, and clack of hoof on stone.
Quick footsteps drawing near—a high-pitched voice—
"Hi, kids, we missed that blasted car again.
Frank always turns that damned alarm clock off!"
Three girls were walking briskly down the street;
Their blue starched waitress' uniforms showed through
The folds of coats drawn close beneath their chins.
"You have your troubles, don't you? Gosh, it's cold!
The evening 'Trib' said there'd be frost last night."

* * *

DEEP purple in the east has turned to gray
And stars begin to vanish up the sky—
A lemon tint, and now a touch of rose
As morning thrusts aside the blue of night.
Soft throaty calls of pigeons as they fly
From street to window ledge and back again—
Walking like drunken sailors, heads aslant,
They view with curious glance each passer-by.

